in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portly ſaile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.

For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe, tell their Generall wee attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releiue them of their heauie loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And weel'e pray for you.

Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we do not looke for reuerence but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per. Which welcome weel'e accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſitie:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is write he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22335) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.36) Octavo